BAKER-HOWARD

THE TROUBLE BEGAN LAST DE-CEMBER.

The Disturbances That Led Governor Bradley to Send Troops to Manchester, Ky .- They Originated in a Claim Against the Howards.

Manchester (Ky.) Correspondence of the New York The exciting history of the Baker-Howard feud, which has assumed such large and dangerous proportions as to make it peressary to send state troops here for the pro-tection of the court, shows that there is

James White, who was proprietor of one of the famous Goose creek salt wells, committed suicide by drowning himself in Goose creek, after tying weights to his legs and then tying his legs together, so it would be impossible for him to swim. Another oncle and two cousins of "Will" White committed suicide. One was a young woman, and she cut her throat with a razor. The other, a man, hanged himself with strips torn from his bedelothing. So many of the Whites have died by violence that it is considered a rare thing for a White to die a natural death.

John D. White is taking no open part in the Baker-Howard fend, but it is understood he is in full sympathy with his cousins, and that if it becomes necessary he will take a hand, and that a bold one. Clay county is "one thousand Republican," and the Whites, being leaders in the party, have for years held county offices. At present D. W. White is circuit clerk and B. P. White, Jr., is sheriff, both brothers of "Will."

The Garrards Dragged In.

The Garrards, who have always been Democrats, and, therefore, bitter enemies sary to send state troops here for the protection of the court, shows that there is such a thing as an hereditary tendency to fight in the Indian style, and throws some strong sidelights on the subject of Kentheky mountain feuds, bringing out with much distinctness the causes of those peculiar characteristics which make many of the leading men of the mountains kill their fellows in the style adopted by the Indians and afterward followed by the pioneers who drove the matives from their hills.

The men who are engaged in this particular feud are descendants of those same that the sum of the same trying to keep out of the feud, but Gilbert Garrard and independently for sheriff last fail against B. P. White, the regular Republican nominee, and came so near wiping out the 1.690 normal Republican majority that White won by only 140 to so near wiping out the 1.690 normal Republican majority that White won by only 140 their rard, who is a son of General T. T. Garrard, who is a son of Ge of the Whites, are trying to keep out of the

Garrards have for the Baker family.

How the Trouble Arose.

JAMES B. HOWARD.

Who killed the elder Baker.

Howards came up in December last over the purchase by Tom Baker of a judgment for \$40 and costs that had been hand-

ed down against A. B. Howard. How

ard's son, J. B., now county assessor, had

when his own partner tried to get the better of him, as he considered it, old man Howard became angry, and there were sharp words between Tom Baker and the Howards, Howard refused point blank to pay the judgment and Baker levied on some of Howard's property, as the partnership papers had not been made out. Howard fought him in a magistrate's court, but through the influence of Baker's father a compromise was effected, and it looked as if there would be no further blood-letting.

Israel Howard and Tom Baker had had

blood-letting.

Israel Howard and Tom Baker had had a little shooting scrape over the matter a few days before the compromise was made and Tom received two slight flesh wounds. Several days after the compromise old man Howard found Tom Baker at his log pit taking out undivided logs. They quarreled, and Baker drew a pistol and threatened to shoot Howard on the spot. Howard was unarmed, and he soon talked Baker out of the notion of shooting. As Howard walked away, however. Baker threw an auger at him. This opened the breach between the Bakers and the Howards, and when a tide came about a week later old man Howard, his sons, Israel and Carter, and Burch Store went to the log pit and took the undivided raft out of the mouth of Crane creek, and Israel and Carter remained on it and floated it down the Kentucky river to Frankfort.

Attacked From Ambush.

Attacked From Ambush.

A. B. Howard and Burch Store started

back home with the five horses that had been used in pulling out the logs. They overtook Israel and Harlan Shackleford and invited them to ride two of the horses. A little further on they came up with Wilson Howard and Will York, and they

When the party was passing the house of John Baker a volley was fired at them from

WILSON HOWARD.

Killed by the Bakers,

ambush. Old man Howard was struck in the back, but he managed to stay on his young horse, which carried him out of range around a solnt in the road. The second volley struck Burch Store, killing him instantly, the bullets striking him in the neck and in the breast. The third volley came almost as Store fell from his horse, and Wilson Howard rolled off his horse, with a bullet in his back that paralyzed his limbs. The other borsemen rode away as fast as possible. When they got out of sight Wilson Howard said Tom Baker and Charles Wooton came and fired an explosive bullet into the abdomen of

The trouble between the Bakers and

ther hostilities.



BARRICADE OF THE HOWARD FACTION.

pioneers. Their uncestors have lived here for more than 100 years. Many of the fam-lies have intermarried until nearly everytiles have intermarried until nearly everybody in Clay county is related by blood
lines to everybody else. The fighting proclivities of the pioneers have therefore
been accentuated in their offspring, until
now it is just as natural for the average
mountaineer who has a "hardness" against
a neighbor or a political foe to shoot him
from ambush as it was 100 years ago for
Daniel Boone, or Simon Kenton, or Calloway, or Bryan, to get behind a tree and
bring down a redskin. And as certain
families of race horses run faster than certain other families, so do certain families
of these Indian fighters fight more savagely than others.

A Victim a Year.

It is the case with the Strongs. Captain Bill Strong waged a mercliess war againt the Amys in Breathitt county for twentyfive years, in which an average of a man a year was killed, always from ambush, and finally in May of last year the old captain himself was laid low by the assassin's

tain himself was laid low by the assassin's builet.

The Baker boys, led by Tom Baker, the oldest son, are related to Captain Bill Strong, as their mother was his sister. Their father, George W. Baker, was a successful mountain lawyer, and twice served the people of Clay county as county attorney, and he was such a man of peace that he was never known to have carried a pistol or a Winchester. But his union with the sister of Fighting Bill Strong resulted in nine sons, who are the most desperate fighters. One of them, Gartaro Baker, was killed when a young man. His boy John, lo years old, swore he would kill his father's slayer, one Jim Wilson, just as soon as he got to be a man. That was eleven years ago last April 9. On April 10 Jim Wilson was found dead in the road with a builet hole in his breast. Everybody in Clay county thinks John Baker fired the fatal county thinks John Baker fired the fatal shot, but nobody saw him do it, and he has never been punished.

The Fighting Howards.

In the case of the Howards there is another instance of a fighting family. They are members of the fighting Howards, of



A. R. HOWARD. Leader of the Howard faction

ard, killed about thirty of the Turner Inction in Harlem and liell counties. Wilson was afterward legally hanged after he nad was afterward legally hanged after he nad bonsted of killing ten men with his own hand. There is a Witson Howard in this clay county family, but he was so unfortunate as to fall early in the fight. Old man A. B., or "Bal" Howard, who is the leader of the faction that hears his name, is 52 years old, and one tried to lead a correct life. He has been a member of the Christian church for many years, is a Freemasson and has served his county one term as sheriff and two terms as deputy sheriff. While sheriff he lost all his wealth and went into voluntary liquidation. He has tried hard to keep down the inherited fighting blood, but now that he has been drawn into the fight he is as anxious to win as any other mountain fighter. While talking to your correspondent this week he said he could go into Harlan county and get 508 fighting men and come back and said he could go into Harian county and get 538 fighting men and come back and clean out the Bakers, "root and branch." When he make this declaration his eyes fashed fire, and although he is bent over from suffering by the wounds the Bakers gave him in the fight when his son Wilson was killed, he straightened up and with head erect emphasized his words by stamp-

Always Ready to Fight.

The Whites, who have been brought into the war as allies of the Howards, are fighters of old. They have always been men of prominence in the mountains, and men of prominence in the mountains, and while they have never, so far as known, indulged in a regular war, they have always been ready to fight, and have had numerous affairs. When ex-Congressman John D. White, who is a member of this family, was making his hottest race, Harry Cockrell, the desperade, threatened to kill him if he went to a certain town. White went, and although Cockrell had five notches on his gun barrel he never tried to add another one by trying to kill White. John G. White, a brother of ex-Deputy Sheriff "Will" White, who was killed by the Bakers, held up his end in a four-handed battle with pistols in the Manchester court house several years ago. When the smoke cleared away two men were dead and two wounded. White "come clear." as the mountain men say, at the examining trial.

amining trial.

Old John White, a great-uncle of an explosive built into the abdomen of an explosive built into the abdomen of trict forty years ago, and was speaker of the house. He committed suicide by shooting.

When James B. Howard, who was in

The Garrards Dragged In.

town, heard of the affair he was almost crazy with excitement, and although his friends begged him not to go to the place of the killing, some six miles away, he got his horse and started. When nearly there he stopped at Murray's store, where persons were buying grave clothes for Store and Howard, and heard that his father was not dead, but he was told by the doctor who attended him that he could not get well. Killed the Peacemaker.

Rushing out of the store, intent on going to the side of his father and dead brother, he met old man George Baker face to face

he met old man George Baker face to face. Without stopping to consider that he was in no danger from the old man, who had tried so hard to make peace, and who never carried a pistol, young Heward leveled his gun at Baker and shot him dead. After staying a short time with relatives in Harlan county Howard gave himself up to a kinsman so the latter could claim the reward of \$250. The Bakers were charged with killing Wilson Howard and Burch Stores and with shooting old man Howard, but they were acquitted on the examinating trial, on April 1. The next day "Sid" Baker, a son-in-law of A. B. Howard, and no kin to the other Bakers, met Charles Wooton on the road. After watching each other for several minutes they both drew their weapons at the same time. A shooting followed, in which Wooton was so badly wounded in the back that he has never been able to walk, and the physician who attends him says he will die before long.

On June 2 Tom Baker met Will White on

die before long.
On June 2 Tom Baker met Will White on the road near White's house and shot him dead with an explosive bullet. Nobody has been punished for any of these erimes, and it is to make the guilty pay the penalty that Governor Bradley has called out the troops.

A SOLDIER'S ESCAPE.

He Volunteered Very Early and Toro Himself From the Arms of His Beloved.

From the Chicago Tribune. "Must you go, Gerald?" said the young woman, with trembling lips.
"I must, darling," answered Gerald Pankey, straining her to his heart again. "The

voice of my country calls. I obey."
"Oh, Gerald, it will break my heart." "No," said the young man, after some re-flection; "it will not. I shall write to you every day, you know."

A mournful silence fell upon them, and

she listened mechanically to the ticking of his watch, directly beneath her ear. Even as she listened, however, a sound from a distance broke faintly upon the other ear.

distance broke faintly upon the other ear. It was the crowing of a cock. The youth roused himself.
"Claribel," he said, "I did not know it was so late. It is time for me to leave you, i must snatch a few hours of sleep ere I take my departure to participate in the deadly conflict, whose issue, while it cannot be a matter of uncertainty so far as the final triumph of American arms is concerned, is yet so fraught with peril to the individual, who becomes a mere unit in the conquering army, and loses thereby his identity, as it were—"
"Oh, Gerald, I don't like to hear you talk that way. I cannot endure it."

identity, as it were—"
"Oh, Gerald, I don't like to hear you talk
that way. I cannot endure it."
"I find it something of an effort myself."
admitted the young militiaman. "I will
harrow your feelings no longer. Claribel,
dearest, good-by!"
How slowly the days, with their weary
burden of waiting and of suffering.

Garrards have for the Baker family. With two such powerful combinations arrayed against each other, it is no wonder Governor Bradley, who knows all the interested persons well, and who is thoroughly familiar with the mountain character, feels that it is necessary to keep the state troops on guard as long as the troubles between these factions remain unsettled. He feels that when the factions meet with no opposition from the state's power they will begin a war of extermination more vigorous than ever. If those who are guilty can be punished by the law the governor believes it will have a tendency to stop further hostilities. burden of waiting and of suffering, dragged themselves into the future: True to his promise, Gerald Pankey wrote to Claribel Nickelhurst daily—for

Then a day passed without a letter.
On the evening of the fifth day there was a ring at the doorbell of the Nickelhurst a ring at the doorbell of the Nickelhurst dwelling.
Filled with dread, and anticipating a telegram conveying the news that something terrible had happened to her absent lover. Claribel answered the bell herself.
"Gerald!"
"Claribel!"
When the violence of their emotions had exhausted itself and they sat, hand in hand, in the dimly lighted parlor, she said:

"It was too hard to stay away from me, was it, love? And you got a leave of absence for a day, so you could come and see me once more, did you?"

And she smoothed the hair away from his forehead and looked into his eyes with a yearning fondness that had something almost motherly in it.

"It isn't that, dearest," he answered; "the surgeons rejected me,"
"Rejected you!" she exclaimed, in a voice in which indignation, surprise and joy seemed to struggle for the mastery. "What for?"

Because I smoke these things, darling," he replied.

Hereupon Gerald took from an inner pocket a small oblong pasteboard box, extracted something therefrom, ilt it and proceeded to fill the room with that peccant, morbific, utterly insupportable and wholly indescribable stench that accompanies the burning of a coffin nail. he replied

VETERAN'S PRIVATE FORT. ard's son, J. B., now county assessor, had bought a spring wagon and his father had gone on his note. Not paying for it, suit was brought and judgment obtained. Be-fore Baker bought the judgment he had gone into partnership with A. B. Howard through his sons, Israel and Carter, who were made parties to the contract. Thus, when his own partner tried to get the bet-ter of him, as he considered it, old man Howard became anary, and there were Ready for Spaniards, He Repulsed Midnight Attack by

Hoodlums Back on the hills overlooking the village of Chenango Forks, N. Y., stands a frowning fort whose guns menace the valley and from whose ramparts floats the American flag. This is probably the only private fort in the United States, being owned by Abraham Hinkley, a veteran of the civil war and a queer character, who makes his living by gathering herbs and roots in the summer time and trapping and fishing the

rest of the year. Since the beginning of the Spanish-Amer ican difficulty Hinkley manifested intense interest in the progress of affairs. Previous to that time he was seldom seen in public, but after the blowing up of the Maine he made frequent trips to Binghamton to obtain the latest news, and the subject so worked on his mind that he became convinced that the Spaniards would sail up the Chemago and Susquehanna rivers, and accordingly began to prepare for defense. When persons whom he met laughed at him, Jiinkley likened himself to Noah and warned them that they would all be fleeing to his ark for protection.

The fort is simply an earthwork thrown up on the side hill. Rifle holes are made in the side walls, from which protrude the muzzles of several old muskets. An excavation in one corner, which resembles a cave, and which Hinkley says is bomb proof, is filled with provisions, principally potatibes, and a half barrel of pork. Hinkley has a dog of mongrel breed that keeps watch on the fortifications from sunset until midnight, when it is relieved by its master, who watches until morning.

Recently several boys in the reighborhood thought to have some fun with the old man and arranged a midnight raid on the fort, and then with a shout made a dask up the hill. There was the howl of a dog, and then the fort blazed with light and ithree charges of birdshot went whisding overhead.

Frightened nearly into fifs the boys flew down the hill, yelling "Don't shoot!" Since that episode Hinkley's fort has been left severely alone, and the old soldier is telling tall stories of the manner in which he repelled the invasion of a regiment of Spanish industry. can difficulty Hinkley manifested intense interest in the progress of affairs. Previous

THE YOUNGEST RECRUIT. Senator Harris' Son, Craig Harris Sald to Be the Most

Youthful.

ton Star. From the Washingston Star.

A good deal has been said about the youth of some of the volunteer soldiers who responded to the calls of the president the war with Spain. Several of these volunteers have been referred to as the youngest of these 200,000 men, but the distinction of being the most youthful of this great army probably belongs to Craig Harris the son of Senator Harris. Craig Harris, the son of Senator Harris, of Kansas. Young Harris took from the first an immense interest in the war, and when the cell for volunteers was issued be promptly enlisted in the First District of Columbia regiment, although only having reached his 15th year last February. When hearing that his son had enlisted Senator Harris was inclined to interfere on account of the boy's youth, but the young soldier was so anxious to go to the war that the father let him have his way. Craig Harris was made a corporal shortly after enlisting, and has been promoted to be a sergent in Company L. of the District of Columbia regiment, and has been at Tampa walting to embark for Cuba or Porto Rico. Although but 15 years of age, Craig Harris weighs 140 pounds and appears to be of more mature years. He has always had, a penchant for a military life, and had a good military training at the military school at Sallna, Kas. Just prior to his enlistment he was a pupil in a private school in the city. In volunteering his services at an early age Craig Harris has only followed in the footsteps of his father, Senator Harris having entered the Union army during the civil war when 18 years old. Young Harris took from the of Kansas.

Paper Used in the Issues Manufactured Under Government Supervision-Process Through Which It Is Put.

From the Philadelphia Times. The making of the artistic green and black notes, so much more common in the north-

MAKING PAPER MONEY

talled, and, after being dried, the notes are put in a solution of sizing, which gives a greater durability to the paper. After this short process they are sent to the numbering room, where the edges are trimmed, and the number is put on by a machine, whose every revolution automatically throws the figures one digit higher. In this room they are given the last count and are then sent to the treasury department, where the red seal of the United States treasury is affixed and the single sheet cut into four notes.

fixed and the single sheet cut into four notes.

Near this room is a great vault with a double time lock, where all the work, no matter what its stage of development, is sent for the night. It must all be in and all the accounts must balance, or no one is allowed to leave the building. The supply in this vault is always a little in advance of the demand of the treasury, and once in, there is no getting it out, except on the requisition of the chief of the division. One man is never allowed alone in the vault, there must always be two or more in at the same time.

The postage stamps are printed in sheets

notes, so much more common in the northern than in the southern part of our country, is more complicated than might be imagined from a casual glance at their gracefully lined surface. The lengthy process is most unique and interesting, and a visit to the bureau of engraving and printing in Washington, where it may be seen, is a very entertaining one.

The large red brick building is situated on an eminence between the green lawns at the base of the tall, chaste shift of the Washington monument and the fragrant gardens that surround the agricultural department. The first floor, besides the offices of the superintendent, etc., is devoted to the department of engraving, the second to that of examining and the third to the



MACHINES FOR STAMPING NUMBERED NOTES.

preparing and printing. There is a great feal of work accomplished here, as this budeal of work accomplished here, as this bu-reau issues the government bonds, legal tenders, silver certificates, bank notes and internal revenue and postage stamps. All the work that can be accomplished so is done by manual labor, thus giving employ-ment to several hundred people. The largest face value of any issue is a registered bond of \$50,000, and the smallest a 1 cent stamp.

registered bone of \$50,000, and the smallest a I cent stamp.
All of the engravers are specialists in their particular department, and the delicate figures and intricate designs of their work are often marvels of artistic skill. Fortraits of living persons are never put on the notes, and all the figures, vignettes, borders, etc., are engraved separately before they are put on the plates.

The engravers sit, each one below a window, with a screen of ground glass around them, and another of white linen above their heads. Their work is so fine and delicate that the greatest precision and care is required, and the room in which they work is not open to visitors. First the engraver works out his design of face or igure, and after transferring it by hand to a plate of soft steel the plate is hardened and a soft steel roller takes the impression from it. After this roll is chilled another impression is taken upon another steel impression is taken upon another steel plate, and after this latter has been hard-ened it is ready for use. The geometric lathe which makes the bor-

The geometric lathe which makes the borders is so complete and wonderful a piece of mechanism as to seem almost alive. The graceful lines for the borders backs and other conventional designs seen on the rotes are made by this machine, if, indeed, it may be called one. After a calculation the machinery is set in motion by steam power, the tiny diamond and steel points begin their work, and the result of this mathematical calculation shows on the small section of steel an intricate border or the undulating, circular lines, with their strange effect of light and shade. This lathe work is one of the surest guards against counterfeiting, for each bit of work represents an obtuse problem.

In Engraving Room.

the engraving room are two large vaults, in which are kept all the plates, colls and other implements, the position of head of the department being a very important and trustworthy one, as it is one of the few offices where great confidence is placed in the honesty of one man.

The paper for all the issues is manufactured in Dalton, Mass., under the supervision of government officials, and that used for the bank notes, sliver certificates, etc., is sent cut in sheets large enough to contain four notes. In appearance it is like any other very heavy linen paper, except that it has two perpendicular lines of short, uneven slik threads running through it.

On being received it is taken with the portant and trustworthy one, as it is one

sold to the paper manufacturers at \$40 a ton. Yet, with all this economy practiced for them, we still hear our august Uncle Sam's ungrateful children complaining of hard times

REINDEER TO CARRY MAILS. Teams to Run From St. Michael to

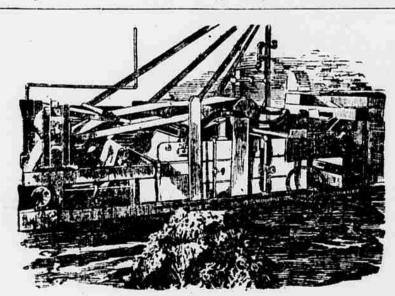
Dawson Every Month in the Year With Letters and Parcels.

from the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.
If the plans of P. C. Richardson, the Alaska mail carrier man, are carried into effect, the scheme long cherished by Sheldon Jackson for the use of reindeer teams between St. Michael's and points on the between St. Michael's and points on the Yukon river in Alaska will be put into operation. The contracts which the postal department has entered into with Mr. Richardson, who lives in Scattle, comprise perhaps the largest contracts of the kind ever closed for mail services in the remote, ice-bound bonanza land. Mr. Jackson, who has always been regarded as an authority on reindeer, is interested in some ventures with Mr. Richardson, it is understood, to this extent, that he is to aid him in procuring reindeer during the winter season. Mr. Richardson has three important contracts with the government for the handling of the Alaska mails. Two of them are to run for four years and the compensation is \$73,500 per annum. A semi-monthly service for letters only will be inaugurated not later than July 1 between Juneau and Weare, at the mouth of the Tanana, taking in en route Dawson, Forty Mile.

rated not later than July 1 between Juneau and Weare, at the mouth of the Tanana, taking in en route Dawson, Forty Mile, American creek, Circle City, Fort Yukon and Rampart. Below Weare a monthly service will be inaugurated between Weare and St. Michael.

The third contract which Mr. Richardson was fortunate in securing is that for the transmission of 2,500 pounds of mail monthly from Seattle by way of St. Michael to Circle City and thence to Dawson, if the river boats of the trading companies have no difficulty in reaching the Klondike capital. For this service Mr. Richardson is to receive \$235 for each trip made during June, July and August.

Soon after the government sent Mr. Jackson and his Laplanders, reindeer, etc., to Haines' Mission, Mr. Richardson purchased from the war department a band of reindeer and at the same time took a number of the Laplanders to use on his route between St. Michael's and Weare, the government relinquishing the contracts with the men to him. Mr. Richardson contemplates securing both dogs and reindeer for the work he has in prospect and in obtaining the reindeer Mr. Jackson will aid him materially. The equipment of sleds, harness, clothing and necessary supplies Mr.



MACHINE FOR SEPARATING SILK FIBER FROM MACERATED NOTES.

blue and white papers for the internal reve-une and nostage stamps that water mark-ward to St. Michael's before many days. blue and white papers for the internal reveune and postage stamps that water mark
ed) to the "wetting department," as it is
called, where it is counted and recounted,
and a receipt given for it. Then it is put
between wet cloths and pressed, being shifted about every six hours, to insure each
sheet an equal amount of moisture. This
process lasts about three days, then, after
another counting, it is delivered to the
printer, who must give a receipt for the
sheets given him. At the end of the day he
returns another check, stating the quantity received, the number of notes he has
printed and the blank or spoiled sheets to
be returned.

The printing room is a scene of great
activity, with its many presses and workserver levels are the reductored by the
counting and will forward to St. Michael's before many days.
The Canadian mails will be taken from
the Canadian customs post on the trail between Dysa and the lakes, and thence to
son's carriers will leave on dates alternatsing regularly with the mounted police, so
that practically a weekly service will be in
force between the lakes and Dawson.

Women's Bank Accounts.

"If it were not for the women who have
bank accounts," said a paying teller to a
New York Sun man, "the routine of banking business would be deadly dull. Whenever clerks from different banks come to-

The printing room is a scene of great activity, with its many presses and workers. Here the paper is again moistened by applying it to a wet board, then it is laid on a steel plate that has been carefully prepared with ink, which also is made on the premises. There are two workers at each press, usually a man and a woman. The man fills the plate with ink from a roller, then wipes it off, and finally, after dusting his hands with chaik, he gives it a last polishing. Then, after wetting the paper, the woman lays it on the plate, the press is applied, and behold, the clear, clean back of the notes, which must be carefully examined before they leave the printer's hands. This process is repeated each time. The press is a self-registering one, and the employes are allowed to spoil a certain percentage of their work, but if they exceed it, their labor is deducted.

Examination, Sorting and Counting.

Examination, Sorting and Counting Then the notes are sent downstairs and for twelve hours are subject to great heat in an air-tight room. In the room adjoining they are again examined, assorted and sent back to receive their "face value" from the plates prepared, showing the denomination and the fac similes of the signatures too, wouldn't find me here to-day, either, I, too, would be away, fighting for my countries and the fac similes of the signatures. tion and the fac similes of the signatures of the proper officers. Then comes the "wet count," as It is

ever clerks from different banks come together one unfalling source of amusement

gether one unfalling source of amusement is the recital of what women have been doing in the banking business. For instance, several days ago a woman went into the office of the Hamilton Trust Company in Brooklyn and asked:

"Is Mr. Hamilton in?"

"No, madam, said the clerk, who remembered her as a woman who had started an account the week previous.

"Where is he? asked the woman.

"I don't know, madam, Mr. Alexander Hamilton is dead, you know.

"I didn't know it, said the woman. Oh, dear, I'm sorry. Now, how on earth am I to get my money," and before the clerk could explain she rushed out."

How He Won Her. From the Cleveland Leader.

From the Cleveland Leader.
"If I were a man," she said, "you wouldn't find me here to-day. I'd be away try."
After that all he had to do was to gain

Meanwhile His Little Brother Explained That There Wouldn't Be Any Funeral. rom Pearson's Weekly.

A red-haired 10-year-old boy, who was at most out of breath from running, entered chemist's shop and said to the clerk; "If a feller-if a feller about as bld as ou are, and who has got a brown suit on, in' no gloves, comes bustin' in here, and-"But no one will come bustin' in here," interrupted the clerk.

"Four the no one will come bustin' in here," interrupted the clerk.

"Yes, he will, and he'll be all out of breath, and his eyes'll stick out, and he'll ask you if a little fellow with red hair and a wart on his nose 'as been in here."

"Well, what if he dees?"

"You'll tell him he 'as, 'cause it's the truth, and that I said we didn't need no anecdote, 'cause it was all right."

"What is all right."

"Why, we had some baking powder in the house and some insect powder, and may be had got hold of the wrong box, and was so frightened she fainted away. Dad runs for a doctor, and I run for an anecdote, and sill run for a policeman, but it all turned out right. There wasn't any mixup.

"Well, Bill's tearing up and down and don't know it, and if he comes in here you tell him we hain't got to have no funeral. It is all right. When ma come to she remembered that she put the baking powder into an old shaving mug and the other stuff into the new can, and nobody need be afraid. That's ail, and you tell Bill he needn't ask the price of mourning goods, 'cause everything's O. K."

That Boat, but Did Let Span-ish Lexape by Her.

"The Recape by Her.

From the New York Sun.

On the Atlas line steamer Altai, which arrived here yesterday from Kingston, Jamaica, were a number of British sub-lects who left Havana two weeks ago on the English cruiser Talbot, believing that the city was soon to be bombarded by the American fleet. An Englishman who has large business interests in Havana consented to talk only on condition that his name was not used.

"There are plenty of provisions in Havana at present." he said, 'but only the rich can get them. The blockade has driven prices so high that it is impossible for the new can, and nobody need be afraid. That's ail, and you tell Bill he needn't ask the price of mourning goods, 'cause everything's O. K."

VERMONT'S ADOPTED HERO.

William Enton, Consul at Tunis, Upact

a King and Unfurled Old Glory in 1797.

the Yankee way the better part of a

Derne.

William Eaton ws not really a Vermonter. He was born in Woodstock, Conn., February 23, 1794. At the age of 16 he ran away from home and enlisted in the army, and remained in the service until the close of the Revolutionary war. A year or two later he entered Dartmouth college and was graduated in 1799, where upon he opened a school in Windsor. In 1791 he was chosen clerk of the house of delegates of the state of Vermont, and in 1793 he was appointed captain in the United States army and left Vermont for ever. He saw a good deal of service in the West and South, but had no opportun-

BILL TORE UP AND DOWN. | ABOUT LIFE IN HAVANA

ENGLISHMEN WHO CAME AWAY BY THE TALBOT GET HERE.

One of Them Says the British Consul Would Not Let Americans Out by That Boat, but Did Let Span-

ning lot and mean to make their fortunes out of the troubles of their country. They realize that every day their stock dimin-ishes and that there is little chance for any supplies coming in from the outside world. So they have raised prices to such exerbitant figures that even the well-to-do From the Burlington (Vt.) News.

Admiral Dewey isn't the first Yankee rations. Before a great while the food in the who has achieved glory in foreign parts.

Havana is going to run out, and then the sufferings of

the Yankee way the better part of a century ago, when, at the head of a small and moticy force, he marched 600 sands of people out of Havana. Those who miles through the African desert and stormed the bashaw of Tripoll's city of Derne.

This fear of starvation has driven thousands of people out of Havana. Those who had arms or money have gone over to the insurgent army, where they are welcome, but hundreds who had nothing, not even but hundreds who had nothing, not even the poor.
"This fear of starvation has driven thou-

STATUE OF FRANKLIN FOR PHILADELPHIA.



Justus C. Strawbridge, one of its public spirited citizens, has presented to Philadeiphia a statue of Benjamin Franklin. It is the work of John J. Boyle, one of the formost sculptors of Pennsylvania.

The Philadelphia Times says of the work. "The existing statues of Franklin are standing figures of no originality or particular significance. At the best they suggest but one side of a many-sided character. Mr. Boyle has realized a harger task to make a straightforward, recognizable portrait of a familiar figure that should be at the same time a work of artistic value, conveying the impression of the student and philosopher, the attaesman and man of affairs, and not less the man of energy, the man of physical as well as mental force and humorous worldly wisdom. He has shown us Dr. Franklin seated in a big armchair, of the familiar pattern of colo-

ity to particularly distinguish himself.

In 13: Eaton was appointed United States consul at Tunis, Africa. In those days the whole civilized world paid tribute to the Barbary corsairs to preserve their commerce from piracy, and in adjusting affairs. Eaton had endless trouble with the basshaw of Tripoli. Finally he conceived the idea of driving him from his throne and isetting up his brother Hamet, an exile in Egypt. He went to Egypt, made a satisfactory arrangement with Hamet, and collected a force for the conquest of Tripoli. Eaton's army consisted of eight Americans, a young English volunteer and a motley company of about 400 Turks, Greeks and Arabs-Christiaus, heathens and Mohammedans. On March 8, 1865, the little army began its march from Alexandria across the desert to Derne, 600 miles away. Their sufferings during the march were frightful. Hunger and thirst were their portion, and it was only through the leader's force of character that the force was kept together. Derne was reached April 25. It was strongly fortified, and was defended by 2,000 soldiers. The bey was summoned by Eaton to surrender, but his only reply was, "My head or yours." A cannonade was promptly begun, assistance being given by three American warships in the harbor. After three, quarters of an hour Eaton led his men to the assault. They swarmed up the fortifications, and, though outnumbered by the enemy ten to one, sent them flying through the breeze. Eaton was shot through the wist while leading the storming party. The enemy made several attempts to retake the city, but were driven back by its new possessors, who continued to hold the place.

When Nye Was Funny.

When Nye Was Funny.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch. The late Bill Nye was fond of telling this story of his smallest daughter: At a dinner table one day there was a party of guests for whom Mr. Nye was doing his best in the way of entertainment. A lady turned to the little girl. "Your father is a very funny man," said she. "Yes," responded the child, "when we

A Heroine. from the Philadelphia North American

From the Philadelphia North American.

Minna—"Jack refused to go to war unless I promised to marry him."

Nora—"And did you?"

Minna—"Well, of course. I couldn't permit myself to stand in the way of my
country when it needed brave men to defend it."

Of Rare Originality. From the Indianapolis Journal.

"I do so admire Mr. Steddygate," said the young woman. "He is so original." "Really, Miss Philippers," said the bright young man, "you should not be so sar-castie." castle."
"I'm not. He is the only young man I know who is not always trying to say something bright and new."

of Captain General Blanco, and can state that it has been done in a very thorough

of Captain General Blanco, and can state that it has been done in a very thorough manner. Blanco has had men working night and day since the declaration of war. A large number of shore batteries and small forts have been erected around the city, and the guns in them are modern and in good condition, and I understand, too, that there is plenty of ammunition.

"Among the masses of people in Havana there is great fear of the American ships. The citizens are in deadly fear of a bombardment. Not that they fear that the city will be captured, for it isn't in the Spanish character to believe that any force can overcome the Spanish arms, but they have a wholesome respect for the thirteen-inch shells, and it gives them the horrors to think of these things dropp of around them. There are a number of Americans in Havana now and many of them are anxious to get out of the city before the fight begins, realizing that in the fall of Havana to there is likely to be a general massacre of Cubans and Americans. When the Talbot was in the harbor a number of Americans sought permission of the British consul to leave Havana on her. It looked as though I might be the last chance to get out of the city. But the consul absolutely refused to let an American on the warship. He gave no reason for his refusal. I know this from my own experience. As an Englishman I sought and obtained permission to leave the talbot. I then tried to get the same privilege for an American friend of mine, a Mr. Carpenter, but the consul refused absolutely to let him go. Nevertheless he allowed three Spanish officers to go on the Talbot and run the blockade in that way. One of these officers was Commandante Rannon Mendez, who was military censor in Havana, and an officer of some consequence. The names of the other officers I have forgotten. There is no question as to the truth of this, for I was on the Talbot myself and knew Mendez well in Havana. When I saw him on the Talbot I was a muzzed.

"There is no more news for me to give you, excepting the details of a

bot myself and knew Mendez well in Havana. When I saw him on the Talbot I was amuzed.

"There is no more news for me to give you, excepting the details of a very remarkable attack on the Talbot off Havana by an American tugboat armed with a couple of one-nounders. It was one of the funniest things I ever witnessed and we laughed over it on the Talbot until the tears came into our eyes. The Talbot was steaming along, when suddenly we heard the sharp report of a small gun. Then we saw a black spot away off in the distance and a little buff of smoke rising over it. The soot grew larger every minute and inally developed into a tugboat. We paid no attention to her, but a minute later she sent a shot across our hows. The officers of the Talbot were simply aghast at such effrontery. I don't believe there was ever such a spectacle on the high seas before—a tugboat firing on a man-of-war, and coming right along looking for trouble! She could plainly make out the character of the Talbot, but had evidently mistaken her for a Spanlard. If the Talbot had been a Spanlard. If the Talbot had been a Spanlard. If the Talbot had been a Spanlard I thoroughly believe the Yankee tug would have onened a fight then annot there. But she made us out a moment there. But she made us out a moment later, and after dipping her colors in salint turned around and steamed away. Then the humor of the situation appealed to us and we laughed over it for an hour."